maneful shove.

The guard, however, could not excuss the deed and took Ansley to the guard house. When he was arraigned before house. When he was arraigned before to to the country and the country are to the country and the country are to the country are to the country and the country are to the country are the country are to the country are to the country are the cou

Magistrate Boyle today, Ansley promise to remain sober and leave alcopers alone

Columbia University alumni living b

Philadelphia and vicinity will discount

plans for enlyening the Philadelphia or-

ganization at an informal dinner and

meeting tonight at Le Coin D'Or, or

Camac street. Among the speakers will be Paul E. More, author and editor of The Nation, and Dr. R. S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institute, at

He was discharged.

AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance,
SYNOFSIS.

Sally Menvers, II years oid, out of work
and semperate, it locked out on the roof
of her house, increase, it locked out on the roof
of her house, increase, is tries the house
and its locked out on the roof
and selection, all tries the transport
of a rich iamily. No one is at home and
sally, fascinated by heautiful clother,
canges her own for them. As the is leavting the seen a man trying to spen a wate,
canges her own for them. As the is leavting the seen a man trying to spen a wate,
as he works and as abe watches, the man
is middenly attacked by another burglar.
The two men grappies and the first is likely
to he everwhelmed, when Sally breaks in,
seless a revolver which has been drouped
in the smiffle, and overa the men. The
one is blue sever, the first burglar, assumes that one is helping him, and they
rive out the other. Then Sally freen from
the finales.

scretarial dutys.
Sally into telling the whole
Standah has brought Sally
to keep. Mrs. Gosnoid tells
e to keep. Mrs. Gosnoid tells
e the case to her. A costume
duted and Savage asks Sally
thm as a harlequin.

CHAPTER XII-(Continued.)

It reminded her, among other things, of the fact that she had not seen Lyttleton since an adventitions glimpse of him going in to breakfast just as she was leav-ing the house to deliver the batch of

She wondered idly about him, in an odd for of tolerant superiority, as one ht contemplate the presumption of an flibred child. And she wondered dumb-ly at herself, whom she found able to without flinching an encounter with him of the mildly flirtatious descrip-tion licensed by the masquerade. Would he know instinctively who she was and he know institutively who are valued avoid her? Or have the impudence to renew his advances? Or would he fail to fathom her identity and so lay himself open to her castigation?

She did not for an instant forset that

she was endued, not only by personal right as an injured woman herself at fault, but also by the authority of Mrs. Gomold, with letters of marque and re-

That she would penetrate at sight his disguise, whatever its character, she hadn't the faintest doubt. But, then, woman's faith in her vaunt-

ed, if vaguely comprehended, faculty tion is a beautiful thing and a joy to

And she wondered what Savage would have to say to her. But in this phase her thoughts were a complexion of far less self-assurance, notwithstanding the moral port of her employer. What could have happened in New York that he must need an early appointment to discuss it with her? What had been the of that terribly incriminating clue, her name on the garments composing that have been compared to the compared of What had been the outcome possible that her comrades of the udle (Heavens' how historically remote and almost unreal seemed that wellhated chapter of existence!) had become anxious enough to notify the police of her absence? In such cases, she believed, semething called a general alarm was issued—a description of the absentee was read to every member of the metropolitan police force, that it might be on the alert to apprehend or succor the lost, strayed or stolen. Could that possibly have been done in the case of missing Sally Manvers? And if so, could the police detectives possibly have overlooked the fact that the name of the wanting woman was identical with the name of

the woman wanted? For all the strength of her tower of refuge, Sally shivered.

And she realized with a twinge of sinore regret that she would never dare re-turn and share these happier fortunes urn and share these happier fortunes with those two unhappy partners of her

days of suffering and privation. She wasn't heartless; she had thought frequently of them before, but always with the notion that she would some day, and by happy chance some day not dis-tant, reveal her transfigured self to them and, out of the plenitude of her blessings. lend them a little, and much more than a little, aid and comfort. Some hing of that sort, indeed, was the least she could do; it was but justice: it was simply re-payment of acknowledged indebtedness. And now, it seemed, it might never be!

From this she passed into new wonder and bewilderment at the duplicity of savage and his sister, and the mystery of their motives and the still deeper mys-tery of their actions, and the inscrutable mystery of the boat that had landed at o'clock in the morning.
All of which led her suddenly to make

It was no longer in its place of con-Mrs. Gosnold, she assumed, must have

mire of the jewel box.

But for what purpose? To what end?
A knock on the door announced the
arrival of her costume by the hands of
line Gosnoid's personal maid.
"And Mrs. Gosnoid says please will

rea come to her boudoir, miss, directly rot are dressed?"

Tell her I'll be there in 15 minutes."

Moderate disappointment waited upon becomition of the character of her assisted disquise. She had had visions of smathing very sulcould account to the character of the assisted disquise. semathing very splendid, something al-least barbaric in its richness—had nursed a day-dream of herself flaunting radiant-by through the chiaroscure of the moon-light fate, like some great jeweled but-tarty.

After that vision the modest garb of a Casisr maid seemed something of a transform, even though the costumer's exception of a Quakeress had been considerably influenced by musical comedy

But her disappointment was fugitive.
After all, the dress was of exquisite qually and finish, and it became her wonstras well. She took from the room the
smoory of a very fetching figure in a
swn of dove-gray creps de chine, the
smoort coused by glistrature. on orosaed by glistening bands of this, the skirts relieved by a little apron lace and linen, white bands at wrist at throat, a close-fitting cap of lace throat, and such a story allows a silver bucklea—

by whole rendered the more tempting by a limost jaunty close of gray satin lined that white.

with the addition of the mask (which

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she wore to pass through the corridor in memory of Mrs. Gosnold's injunction) the effect was quite positively fascinating.

| leave them on my dressing table. Marie, my maid, puts them away in the morning. I have three large jewel cases, none of

she wore to pass through the corridor in memory of Mrs. Gosnold's injunction) the effect was quite positively fascinating.

And that mask proved to be far from superfluous, for when she followed her knock into the boudoir of her mistress she was thunderstruck to find nearly two dozen people, men and women, gathered together there, sitting and standing about in a silence which seemed curiously constrained, taken in connection with their festival attire. For they were all in costume and, with the single exception of Mrs. Gosnold, all masked.

This last was very brilliant in the bli-

This last was very brilliant in the bil-lowy silken skirts, puffed sleeves, tight bodice and wide ruff of Queen Elizabeth, and carried off well the character of that hot-tempered majesty, making no effort to disguise the fact that she was deeply wounded and profoundly agitated.

She sat regally enthroned upon a spindle-shank chair that matched her excritoire, and betrayed her impatient humor by the quick tapping of one exhumor by the quick tapping of one ex-quisitely shod foot. And the others seemed to walt upon her pleasure in a silence almost of subjugation—a nervous,

unnatural, ominous hush.

It was broken on Sally's entrance by
the mistress of Gosnold House, who nodded without a sign of recognition and said in a bleak manner thus far in Sally's experience wholly foreign to the nature of the speaker: "Come in, please, shut the door and find some place to sit down. Retain your mask. There are two suests tain your mask. Incre are two wanting, and we must wait for them."

"here were no chairs vacant, and a ma-There were no chairs vacant, and a Jority of the men were already standing, but another (by whose unquestionably authentic cowboy costume Sally was sure she recognized Trego) rose and silently surrendered to her his place.

She accepted it with a stifled murmur

The slight stir occasioned by her addition to the company subsided, and the sense of constraint became even more marked. Nobody appeared to care to know his neighbor: there was no whispering, no murmuring, even the indis-pensable fidgeting was accomplished in an apprehensive and apologetic manner. A few men breathed audibly, a few fans stirred imperceptibly an atmosphere su-percharged with radiations from so many human bodies added to the natural heat of a summer's evening; there were no other sounds or movements of any consequence. Sally became uncomfortably ausceptible to the undercurrent of nervous tension, conscious of a sligift dew on her hands and forehead, and surprisingly conscious of the sonorous thumping of her heart. Unaccountably, nobody else seemed to hear it.

Perhaps they were all listening to their own hearts. But why-

She wasted a few moments vainly scrutinizing the masks in her immediate neighborhood. Their eyes gleamed uncannily through the slits in the black slik, and when she intercepted a direct glance it was hastly lowered or averted, as though there were something indecorous in acknowledging her bewildered appeal. Again, perhaps, they were as much puztheirs.

Those small shapes of black, silk-covered cardboard proved singularly effective, even when they concealed no more than the none and the cheeks immediately beneath the eyes. She found it surprisingly difficult to fix an identification, even when satisfied she could not be in error; but she was measurably sure of Mrs. Artemas beneath Diana's Grecian draperies, of Trego in his Western guise, of Mercedes Pride in the conventional make-up of a witch.

The rest at once provoked and eluded conjecture; she fancied she knew Lyttle-ton in the doublet and hose of Sir Francis Drake, but could not feel certain; divested of his peculiarly well-tailored personality, he was actorishingly like half a dozen other men among the guests.

appeared in the doorway to the bedroom holding in her hand a number of envel-opes, and at a nod from her mistress began to thread the gathering, presenting one envelope to each guest, together with a small pencil such as is commonly attached to dance programs.

The incident provided a grateful inter-ruption to a situation that was rapidly assuming in Sally's esteem the grotesquewas Gosnold House, the focal point of America's most self-contained summer colony, and that all these subdued and inarticulate masqueraders were personages daily exploited by the press as the bright-est stars in the social firmament, the incongruity of this dumb gathering seemed

as glaring, as bizarre as anything her fancy could conceive.

And when her envelope was handed her and she had lifted the flap and withdrawn an oblong correspondence card bearing the monogram A-G and nothing else, the final effect of meaningless mystery

Seemed to have been consummated.

But this, as it happened, was coincident with the arrival of the last two guests with the arrival of the last two guestsone of whom was a lithe and shapely
Harlequin in party-colored tights, and
the other a bewitchingly blond Columbine—and then the purpose of the meeting
was soon exposed.
With no more expression than she had
employed in the case of Sally, Mrs. Gosnold saluted the last comers with a request to enter and be seated, then directed
her maid to go out into the hall, close the

her maid to go out into the hall, close the door and stand guard to prevent eaves-dropping. When the door was closed she plunged directly into a prepared address. "I owe every one an apology," she began with a fugitive, placating smile, "for all this inconvenience and nonsense—as it must seem. But I'm sure you will bear with me when you know the circum-stances, which are extraordinary, and my motive, quite a natural one.

"We are now," she pursued with a swift glance that embraced the room, "just 23, including myself; that is to say, everybody who slept here last night and one or two more. And your masks are a sure screen for any betrayal of emotion when I tell you why I have asked you to oblige me by meeting here. So please retain them whatever happens."
She paused, made a little gesture of deprecation. "I would rather almost anything than be obliged to say what I must.

must.

"One of us." she announced deliberately, "is a thief. These rooms were entered some time last night, while I was asleep, and all my personal fewelry was stolen. Please no one interrupt. I will answer all the natural questions before I finish. "The robbery was not difficult to accomplish. The island is well policed, there has not been a burgiary in its history, and I am a careless old woman. When I take my things off at night I

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which is ever locked except when I travel. I have never had a safe. The jewel cases are stored away in unlocked dresser drawers. My bedroom and boudoir doors are never locked. And I am a sound

are never locked. And I am a sound sleeper. There is—and was—nothing to prevent the thief from entering after I had turned out my light and, employing ordinary discretion, helping him or herself. Which is precisely what happened last night. Every piece of jewelry was taken from my dressing table, and the three lewel cases from their drawers. three jewel cases from their drawers.

"I discovered my loss promptly after waking up this morning. I said nothing, but after setting in motion the machinery for tonight's amusement, which I have for tonight's amusement, which I have long had in mind, devoted the day to a quiet investigation, as a result of which I am convinced that the house servants had no part in the robbery. In short, I am persuaded that the thief is now in this room. I do not, however, wish to know his or her identity. And I am especially anxious to avoid the scandal which must follow if the serial leaks out.

nust follow if this affair leaks out.
"Finally, I feel so sure you all share
my horror of publicity and my aversion knowing positively who committed this rime that I ask you all sliently to piedge ourselves to secrecy—and then to humor ny plan for regaining my jewels and coving up the affair completely. thought it might be accomplished this

Marie has given you each a card, an envelope and a pencil. The cards and envelopes have no distinguishing marks. The pencils are all alike. The authorship anything you may care to communicate

cannot possibly be traced, if you will be careful not to write, but to print. "Flease take the cards away with you to your rooms, and please each of you remain there at least five minutes before oming out. Then take the cards in the nvelopes, scaled, downstairs and deposit bem in the mailbox. It will not be unlocked until 1 o'clock. By that time I shall expect the thief to have deposited my jewelry in some hiding place about the house or grounds—a dozen will suggest themselves on a moment's thought the spot to be indicated on the card. By ils method ample time is granted in high to make restitution with complete mmunity from recognition, the secret will be kept, the scandal hushed up, and, best of all, I shall be able to continue considering each and every one of you very dear friend.

"But"-and her handsome old face darkened with the shadow of the de-termination that rang in her tone-"if this scheme should fail and the thief re fuse to make restitution, then, though it break my heart, I shall feel without alternative other than to take certain steps-steps which I cannot now contemplate without positive loathing, so repug-nant are they to me.

"Now I have finished," Mrs. Gosnold said quietly. "I am sorry to have im-posed in this way upon your patience; but it seemed, I think you'll grant me, warranted and necessary. I thank you and hope you'll forgive me. And now will you please return to your rooms, without asking me any questions, and do as I have begged? And I sincerely hope that this wretched business may not interfere with your enjoyment tonight. For my part, I am so confident of the success of this scheme that I mean to consider that I have not been robbed—that everything is as it has always been, and as it will be after the envelopes are opened at 1 o'clock.'

She ceased; there was the stir of a general rising and movement toward the door amid a hum of excited murmurings.

MARPLOT.

Once shelteded by the privacy of her bedchamber and seated before the little white-enamel desk with its chints-covered fittings that suited so well the simple, cheerful scheme of decoration, the girl lingered long, an idle pencil caught between fingers infirm of purpose. Her gaze was fixed as if hypnotized to the blank white face of the bit of cardboard that lay before her on the blotting pad, her thoughts far astray in a dark jungle of horrors, doubts, suspicions, fears,

Immediately after shutting herself in she had gone straight to this desk, pos-sessed by the notion that there was a message requiring to be written upon the card, one self-exculpatory sentence which



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guilt.

had framed itself in her mind as she sped down the corridor from that remarkable meeting in Mrs. Gosnold's rooms.

"I have not told you everything—but I am innocent," thus ran the words which she felt were demanded of her and a legitimate privilege, her duty to herself in sheer self-preservation. And as they wrote themselves down hefore her mental vision she saw two heavy strokes of the pen underlining "everything," and her own true name Sarah Manvers, following in the place of the signature—no more "Sara Manwaring," Mrs. Gosnoid's explicit commands to the contrary notwithstanding!

But that had been an impulse only hidden in the hollow of his arm? What had he left down there on the beach? Why had he left it there? Why such anxiety to escape observation as to make the man alert to notice Sally's head peering over the parapet of the landing at the head of the cliff? And if he had been employed in no way to be ashamed of, and had no consequences to fear, why that roundabout way up the cliff again and that ambush of his watcher?

But that had been an impulse only natural in the first shock of horror inevitably attending the disclosure of the robbery, to clear herself; or, rather, to reaffirm her innocence.

For with second thought had come the consideration: Was she not already cleared, was her innocence not already established? She was prepared to believe that Mrs

She was prepared to believe that Mrs. Gosnold knew everythins. That extraordinary woman! What had she not known indeed? Mark how cunningly she had drawn from Sally the admission that she had been up and about the house and grounds long after she had gone to her bedchamber for the night—at the very time, most probably, when the robbery was being done! And that had been by way of preface to the pledge she had made Sally of her protection before startling a confession from the girl—a pledge not only given in advance, but by implication at least renewed when the truth was out.

If she had believed Sally guilty, or

party to the crime, or even in possession of guilty knowledge of it, would she have made that generous promise?

She was kind of heart, was Mrs. Gosnold, but she was nobody's fool: if she had not been well satisfied in her own mind as to the thief she would never have so committed herealf to Sally for have so committed herself to Sally, she was no one to give her word lightly or, as she herself had said, to bait a trab with fair words and flattery.

In vain Sally searched her memory for anything to warrant an assumptoin that her mistress had been in any way ignorant of that black business of the small hours. She had neither denied such knowledge nor asserted it, but had simply permitted Sally to leave out of the permitted Sally to leave out of her count all reference to the overnight adventure.
And all that assorted consistently with

shook her head. It was less plausible, this effort of hers, to cast Trego for the role of villain. True, he might have invented that story of the marks on the sands; true again, he might have acted in accord with Mrs. Artemas. But those were far-fetched possibilities. Unless, indeed, professed distrust and dislike of Mrs. Artemas had been altogether ingenious, a mask manufactured in anticipation of just this development. her statement that she did not wish to learn the thief's identity, as well as with her invention of a means for obtaining restitution without such intelligence So Sally ended by believing it rather more than possible that Mrs. Gosnold knew as well as the girl herself who had consummated the crime-or, at all events, shared the damning suspicions engen-dered in Sally's mind by circumstantial

Lyttleton, of course. Sally entertained

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It Prompts Him to a Charlie Chaplin

Stunt and Causes His Arrest.

It requires a delicate touch to emulate the Charlie Chaplin style of larceny as shown in the movies. Frank Anslay, of

55th and Master streets, in addition to being endowed with a continuous thirst

is also an ardent student of the movie comedian. Therefore, when he saw a very substantial bettle of whisky protruding from the pocket of Frank Delancy as he snored on a Park bench,

Ansiey walked by very gracefully and extracted the flask with Chaplin-like

But the dextrous move was observed, nevertheless, by Fark Guard Logue. Ansley saw the guard approach and knew

by intuition that the guard had seen president of him abstract the flask. So to hoodwink Washington.

Freshen the colors in your

oil-cloth or linoleum;

Take spots and stains out of

carpets, rugs or curtains

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soap.

Do your housecleaning

easily and quickly without

hard scrubbing.

Just in time to help you when you

need it most-the new, sweet

wonder-worker-

Fels-Soap Powder

If innocent, what had he been carrying

And why those signals between window

and yacht, if not to apprise the latter that something had been consummated, that the coast was clear for its tender

to come in and take away the plunder?

It would seem, then, that Mr. Lyttleton must have had a confederate in the house, and for that role Mrs. Standish was plainly designated. An understanding of some close sort between her and Lyttleton had been outer avident from

Lyttleton had been quite evident from the very first day. And whose bed-chamber window had shown the signals.

If not hers? Not the pretty young widows-not in any likelihood Mrs. Arteman's. To believe the latter intimute with the affair was to assume an under-

standing between her and Lyttleton-or

Sally was conscious of a slight mental

start, a flurry of thoughts and sensations of judgment in conflict with emotions.

Why not Trego? A likelier man than Lyttleton for such a job, indeed. Trego had such force of personality as to ex-cuse the suspicion that what he might

desire he would boldly go after and pos-sess himself of. With a nature better adapted to the planning and execution of adventures demanding courage, dar-

ing and indifference to ethical considera-tions. Trego was capable of anything. Littleton was of flimsier stuff, or instinct

But after a little the girl sighed and shook her head. It was less plausible,

ipation of just this development. No, it wasn't likely of Trego. She could not overlook the impression he conveyed

of rugged honesty and straightforward-

ness. However strong the aversion he inspired, Sally could ignore neither that

mpression nor yet its correlative, that

If he was not an over-righteous scorner

of lies, he was the sort that would suffer much rather than seek to profit by a

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

was untrustworthy.

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Children's 75c } Night Gowns Sheer material; high and V necks or slip-over with lace, embroidery, and ribbon. Sizes 2 to 14 years.

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White Petticoats 98c to \$2.98 Have deep lace flounce or embroid-ery, beading and ribbon.

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\$1.50 to \$4 Gowns, 98c to \$2.98 Nainsook slip-over models. Empire Nainsook Ruffle with lace or deep or loose fitting; have lace medallions hem and cluster of plaits. Sizes 2 to and ribbon or embroidery.

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Late Spring Clearances and Introductory Sale of Summer Styles

For Misses' \$18.50 Suits

Sketch Shows a Jaunty Military Effect

In shepherd plaid, navy and black serge, trim-Smed with braid; also smart styles in serge and wool poplin.

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Several Pretty Fashions One Illustrated

In sheer figured lawns of blue-and-white and pinkand-white, with quaint four-tiered skirts and crisp white lawn vestees. Also dainty, lace trimmed white marquisette frocks.

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A Great Many Different Smart Styles
In serge, poplin, faille, gabardine, mannish suitings and shepherd
plaids of chic, Norfolk, Empire, Zouave and mannish styles; many
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